

Dealing With Something Unexpected, What Was He Going To Do?

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Dealing With Something Unexpected, What Was He Going To Do?

by [Ship On The Sea](#)

Summary

George hears something he wasn't meant to hear. What is he going to do?

This is a continuation of my fic "Finding a Rose in a Garden of Irises, Love's Not a Game But His War" so I HIGHLY RECOMMEND READING IT FIRST lmao.

Notes

I hope you guys loved that cliffhanger, I had a lot of fun doing that to you guys :)

Anyways, here's the second part of the story from George's POV. We'll finally get to see what he says, and his feelings too. Ooooo, you excited? Or scared?

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

It started out as a simple intervention, a concerned George putting a halt to their recording after noticing his best friend was overly-agitated and snapping over simple things. Something was obviously wrong.

“Okay, I’m calling a time-out,” he demanded, quickly twitching his recording software off, “Turn your recording off.”

“What? You alright?” He heard Dream ask, confused, and could only scoff? Was he alright? Was he even paying attention to himself?

“I should be asking you that, you’ve been nothing but snappy today,” George commented. “Are you alright?”

“Yeah.” George knew that was a lie. It had to be, there was something wrong and he wasn’t spilling.

“No, you’re not,” George stated, keen on helping Dream. “What’s wrong, Dream?”

“Just tired,” he mumbled, sounding tired. George knew he was telling the truth with that. “Haven’t been sleeping well.” Now that surprised George. His eyebrows scrunched in confusion. But why?

“But I thought your neighbors got rid of the dog,” George said, trying to make sense of the situation. “I thought you told me you were sleeping well now.”

“It was never a dog keeping me up, George,” can the quick snap from Dream, almost too quick. What? What did he mean, it was never a dog?

Dream lied? Why?

“What? It wasn’t a dog?” George’s voice began to almost strain with hurt, almost covering his concern. He didn’t understand. What’s going on? Why did he lie?

When Dream didn’t respond, he only continued to push. “Dream, it wasn’t a dog? Why did you lie to me?” His voice was almost dripping with hurt. George just wanted to understand, he just wanted to help. “What’s wrong? What’s been keeping you up?”

“Nothing...” Dream tried to lie, to escape the conversation. But George wasn’t having it. He wasn’t going to let his friend suffer and not know why. It just didn’t feel right.

“It can’t be nothing if you can’t sleep, Dream!” George began, voice raising some, “And you never lie to me like this! Not when it’s serious.” His voice fell to a plea at the end. “Please, Dream, you can talk to me. Tell me what’s wrong, *please*.”

The trembling intake of breath caught George off guard. Was Dream cry-

He never finished his thought, because Dream’s yell cut through the air and struck George straight in the chest.

“I CAN’T SLEEP BECAUSE I’M IN LOVE WITH YOU AND IT’S KILLING ME!”

The silence that fell between them was suffocating, the type of silence that normally would never fall between them. It felt like someone had swung a bat at George, the wind being knocked from his lungs.

What?

Dream loved him? George could barely think, barely process anything.

Dream... loved him back? But more importantly...

Dream has been hurting, because he thinks it's unrequited. Oh, oh no.

"George," he heard Dream whimper, and he felt his heart broke. "I-"

"Dream." George simply said in reply, taking a few soft, slow breaths to stable himself. "Dream, you're okay. Calm down."

"What do you mean, calm down?!" Dream shouted, "I just confessed that I love you! I just ruined everything!"

"Dream!" George called again. "You didn't ruin anything! I love you too, you idiot, now calm down!"

Silence fell between them again, but something had cut the tension, and it was much more calm.

George heard Dream sniff. "You... You love me?"

"Yes," George said, a smile breaking onto his face as his face began to flush. "I love you. Now please calm down, it's okay."

A noise came from Dream, sounding like a breathy laugh, and he heard him practically collapse onto his desk. "You love me! Oh my god!"

George smiled more as he listened to Dream rant in relief, a thing he liked to do to relieve pent-up stress and other emotions.

"This past month has been complete Hell. I haven't gotten a night of proper sleep in so long, and it turns out it was over nothing." He interrupted himself with a laugh. "That's so stupid!"

"I'm sorry you were hurting," George apologized, feeling guilty, "I would've told you if I'd known."

"No, George, all of that was on me, I was unhealthily bottling stuff up I wasn't supposed to, it's not your fault."

They shared a simultaneous sigh.

"You better not do that again, Dream," George warned. "That's not healthy."

"No shit?" came Dream's equally light-hearted and serious reply. "But yeah, never again. I learned my lesson."

"Why did you try so hard not to tell me?" George suddenly questioned. "I mean, I just didn't say anything because I didn't think you were interested, and I was waiting for my feelings to die down even though I don't think they are as long as my heart's beating." He nervously laughed at the end, waiting for Dream's reply.

"I was just... really scared," Dream admitted. "I was scared you didn't feel the same way and if you found out it would ruin our friendship, and I don't want to lose you, honestly."

"Aww... Dream," George said softly, unsure of what to say. "Even... Even if I didn't love you back, I wouldn't just, like, walk out on you or something. We've been friends for this long for a reason. I wouldn't have let that come between us."

"Well..." Dream hesitated. "I wish I knew that sooner." Despite the situation, George began laughing at Dream's reply, and Dream joined in on the laughter.

Laughs grew into chuckles, which grew into giggles, and then breathy huffs.

“So, uhm, what now?” George began asking. “Are we, like, together now?”

“Uhhh,” Dream dragged the word, looking for an answer. “I guess? Do you want to?”

“I don’t see a reason we shouldn’t.”

“Me neither.”

The silence was now comfortable. They almost didn’t want to break it.

“So that’s it? We’re boyfriends now?” George asked with a growing laugh.

“Yeah, we are!” Dream answered, his own laugh beginning to bubble up. “Oh my God, this whole month has just been a shitpost.”

“At least that’s over now!” George commented, “And you can finally get some proper rest now that you aren’t unhealthily bottling up your feelings.”

“Yeah,” Dream said, “I’m honestly about to go and take a nap for an entire day straight.”

George laughed. “You probably should go do that.”

“But the recording session!” Dream whined.

“We can re-record when you get up,” George offered, and Dream took it, muttered an “Okay”. They continued the conversation for another minute or two, George wishing Dream a “Sweet dreams,” and them parting with a series of goodbyes.

When Dream left the call, George remained at his computer, swinging back and forth in his chair. He was happy.

And he was even happier to find that ten hours later, Dream was back on after having what he said was “the best sleep I’ve ever had in my life”. Yeah, he was happy.

End Notes

DID YOU REALLY THINK I WAS STRONG ENOUGH TO MAKE IT UNREQUITED
YOU'RE A FOOL IF YOU THOUGHT SO-

Haha I hope I got you guys! This fun to write! I hope you guys got some fun out of it!
Y’know, if you aren’t clutching your chest like someone who just had a near-death
experience because I just dragged y’all lmao.

Annnnnnnyways, have a great day/night! Love you guys!

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